THE LATE,
And much admired Play,
Called
Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole Hiſtory, aduentures, and fortunes of the layd Prince:

As alſo,

The no leſſe ſtrange, and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter *MARIANA.*

As it hath beene diuers and ſundry times acted by his Maieſtyes Seruants, at the Globe on the Banck-ſide.

By *VVilliam Shakeſpeare.*

Printed at London by *S. S.*
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The Play of *Pericles* Prince of Tyre, &c.

Enter Gower.

TO ſing a Song that old was ſung,
From aſhes, auncient *Gower* is come,
Aſſuming mans infirmities,
To glad your eare, and pleaſe your eyes:
It hath beene ſung at Feſtiuals,
On Ember eues, and Holydayes:
And Lords and Ladyes in their liues,
Haue read it for reſtoratiues:
The purchaſe is to make men glorious,
Et bonum quo Antiquius eo melius:
If you, borne in theſe latter times,
When wits more ripe, accept my Rimes;
And that to heare an old man ſing,
May to your wiſhes pleaſure bring:
I life would wiſh, and that I might
Waſte it for you like Taper-light.
This *Antioch*, then, *Antiochus* the great,
Built vp this City for his chiefeſt ſeate;
The faireſt in all *Syria*.
I tell you what mine Authors ſay:
This King vnto him tooke a Peere,
Who dyed, and left a female heyre,
So buckſome, blith, and full of face,
As heauen had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to inceſt did prouoke:
Bad child, worſe father, ſo intice his owne

To euill should be done by none:
But custome What they did begin,
Was with long vse, account'd no sinne,
The beauty of this sinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thither frame,
To seeke her as a Bed-fellow,
In marriage pleasures, play-fellow:
Which to preuent he made a Law,
To keepe her still, and men in awe:
That who so ask't her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many of wight did dye,
As yon grim lookes doe testifie.
What now ensues to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cause, who best can iustifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers

Ant Yong Prince of *Tyre*, you haue at large receiued
The danger of the taske you vndertake.

Per. I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a soule emboldned
With the glory of her prayse, thinke death no hazard,
In this interprise.

Ant. Muncke bring in our Daughter clothed like a bride.
For embracements euen of *Ione* himselfe;
At whose conception, till *Lucina* raigned,
Nature this dowry gaue; to glad her presence,
The Senate house of Planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where she comes apparelled like the Spring,
Graces her subiects and her thoughts the King,
Of euery Vertue giues renowne to men:
Her face the booke of prayses, where is read,
Nothing but curious pleasures as from thence,
Sorrow were euer rackt, and teasty wrath
Could neuer be her milde companion.

You

You Gods that made me man, and sway in loue,
That haue enflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruite of yon celestiall tree,
(Or dye in the aduenture) be my helpes,
As I am sonne and seruant to your will,
To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse.

Anti. Prince *Pericles.*

Peri. That would be sonne to great *Antiochus.*

Anti. Before thee stands this faire *Hesperides,*
With golden fruite, but dangerous to be toucht:
For death like Dragons heere affright thee hard:
Her face like Heauen, inticeth thee to view
Her countlesse glory, which desert must gaine:
And which without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must dye,
Yon sometimes famous Princes like thy selfe,
Drawne by report, aduenturous by desire,
Tell thee with speachlesse tongues, and semblance pale,
That without couering, saue yon field of Starres,
Heere thy stand Martyrs slaine in *Cupids* Warres:
And with dead cheekes aduice thee to desist,
For going on deaths net, whom none resist.

Per. *Anti.* I thanke hee, who hath taught,
My frayle mortality to know it sefe;
And by those fearefull obiects to prepare
This body, like to them to them, to what I must:
For death remembred should be like a Myrrour,
Who tels vs, life's but breath, to trust it errour:
Ile make my Will then, and as sicke men doe,
Who know the World, see Heauen, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly ioyes as earst they did;
So bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as euery Prince should doe:
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my vnspotted fire of Loue to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*).

Scorning aduice; read the concluſion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As theſe before, thou thy ſelfe ſhalt bleed
Dangh. Of all ſayd yet, thou proue proſperous
Of all ſayd yet, I wiſh thee happineſſe.
Per. Like a bold Champion I aſſume the Liſtes,
Nor aſke aduice of any other thought,
But faithfullneſſe and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feede
On mothers fleſh which did me breed:
I ſought a huſband, in which labour,
I found that kindneſſe in a father;
Hee's Father, Sonne and huſband milde,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his childe:
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will liue reſolue it you

Sharpe Phiſicke is the laſt: but ô you powers!
That giues heauen countleſſe eyes to view mens actes,
Why cloude they not their ſights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Faire Glaſſe of light, I lou'd you and could ſtill,
Were not this glorious Casket ſtor'd with ill:
But I muſt tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For 'tis no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing ſinne within will touch the gate;
You are a faire Viol, and your ſence the ſtrings,
Who finger'd to make man his lawfull muſicke,
Would draw Heauen downe, & all the gods to hearken:
But being playd vpon before your time,
Hell onely daunce that ſo harſh a chime:
Good ſooth, I care not for you.
Ant. Prince *Pericles*, touch not vpon thy life;
For that's an Article within our Law,
As dangerous as the reſt: your times expir'd,
Either expound now, or receiue your ſentence.

Peri. Great King,
Few loue to heare the ſinnes they loue to act,
T'would brayd your ſelfe too neare for me to tell it:
Who has a booke of all that Monarches doe,
Hee's more ſecure to keepe it ſhut, then ſhewne:
For Vice repeated, is like the wandring winde,
Blowes duſt in others eyes to ſpread it ſelfe;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the ſore eyes ſee cleare:
To ſtoppe the Ayre would hurt them, the blind Mole caſt
Copt hilles toward heauen, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppreſſion, and the poore worme doth dye for't
Kings are earths Gods? in vice their law's their will:
And if *Ioue* ſtray, who dares ſay, *Ioue* doth ill.
It is enough you know, and it is fit;
What being more knowne, growes worſe, to ſmother it.
All loue the wombe that their being bred,
Then giue my tongue like leaue to loue my head. (ning:
Ant. Heauen that I had thy; he ha's found the mea-
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of your ſtrict edict,
Your expoſition miſiinterpreting,
We might proceede to counſell of your dayes;
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo faire a tree
As your faire ſelfe, doth tune vs otherwiſe;
Fourty dayes longer we doe reſpite you,
If by which time our ſecret be vndone,
This mercy ſhewes, wee le ioy in ſuch a Sonne:
And vntill then, your entertaine ſhall bee
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.
Manet Pericles ſolus
Per. How courteſie would ſeeme to couer ſinne,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in ſight.
If it be true that I intrepret falſe,
Then were it certaine you were not ſo bad,
As with foule Inceſt to abuſe your ſoule:

Where now you both a father and a ſonne,
By your vntimty claſpings with your child,
(Which pleaſures fits an huſband not a father)
And ſhe an eater of her mothers fleſh,
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like Serpents are, who though they feed
On ſweeteſt flowers, yet they poyſon breed.
Antioch farewell, for wiſedome ſees thoſe men
Bluſh not in actions blacker then the night,
Will ſhew no courſe to keepe them from the light:
One ſinne (I know) another doth prouoke;
Murder's as neere to luſt, as flame to ſmoake:
Poyſon and treaſon are the hands of ſinne,
I, and the Targets to put of the ſhame,
Then leaſt my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight, Ile ſhun the danger which I feare. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head.
He muſt not liue to trumpet foorth my infamy,
Nor tell the World *Antiochus* doth ſinne
In ſuch a loathed manner:
And therefore inſtantly this Prince muſt dye,
For by his fall my honour muſt keepe hie.
Who attends vs there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your Highneſſe call?

Anti *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber *Thaliard*.
And our minde partakes her priuate actions
To your ſecrecie; and for your faithfulneſſe
We will aduance you *Thaliard*:
Behold, heer's poyſon and heer's gold:
We hate the Prince of *Tyre* and thou muſt kill him;
It fits thee not to aſke the reaſon why?
Becauſe we bid it: ſay, is it done?

Thal. My Lord, tis done.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath coole your selfe, telling your haste.

Mess. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt liue flye after, and like an Arrow shot from a well experienst Archer hits the marke his eye doth leuell at: so thou neuer returne vnlesse thou say Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my Pistols length, Ile make him sure enough, so farewell to your highnesse.

Thaliard adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. *exit.*

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Pe. Let none disturb vs; why should this chãge of thoughts
The sad companion dull eyde melancholy,
By me so vs'de a guest as not an houre,
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The tombe where griefe should sleep can breed me quiet,
Here pleasures court mine eyes, & mine eyes shun them,
And danger which I feard is at *Antioch*,
Whose arme seemes farre too short to hit me here,
Yet neyther pleasures Art can ioy my spirits,
Nor yet the others distance comfort me:
Then it is thus that passions of the minde,
That haue their first conception by misdread,
Haue after nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me; the great *Antiochus*,
Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since hee's so great, can make his will his act,
Will thinke me speaking, though I sweare to silence,
Nor boots it me to say I honour,
If he suspect I may dishonour him.

And what may make him blush in being knowne,
Heele stap the course by which it might be knowne,
With hostile forces heele ore-spread the land,
And with the stint of warre will looke so huge,
Amazement shall driue courage from the state:
Our men be vanquisht, ere they doe resist,
And subiects punnisht that neuer thought offence,
Which care of them, not pitty of my selfe,
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my body pine, and soule to lanquish,
And punnish that before that he would punnish.

Enter all the Lord with Pericles.

1 *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your sacred breast:

2. *Lord* And keepe your mind till you returne to vs peacefull and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue:
They doe abuse the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellowes blowes vp sinne,
The thing the which is flattered, but a sparke,
To which that spake giues heate and stronger
Glowing whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When *signiour* sooth here does proclayme peace,
Hee flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.
Prince pardon me, or strike me if you please,
I can not be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leaue vs else: but let your cares ore-looke
What shipping, and what ladings in our Hauen,
And then returne to vs, *Helicanus* thou hast
Moou'd vs: what seest thou in our lookes?

Hell. An angry brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,
How durst thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hell. How dares the planets looke vp to heauen,

From

From whence they haue their nouriſhment?

Per. Thou knoweſt I haue power to take thy life from
Hell. I haue ground the Axe my ſelfe,
Doe but you ſtrike the blow.

Per. Riſe, prethee riſe, ſit downe thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee for it, and heauen forbid,
That Kings ſhould let their eares heare their faults hid.
Fit Counſeller, and ſeruant for a Prince,
Who by thy wiſedome makes a Prince thy ſeruant,
What wouldſt thou haue me doe?

Hell. To beare with patience ſuch griefes, as you your ſelfe doe lay vpon your ſelfe.

Per. Thou ſpeakeſt like a Phyſition *Hellicanus*,
That miniſters a portion vnto me,
That thou wouldſt tremble to receiue thy ſelfe.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
Whereas thou knoweſt (againſt the face of death)
I ſought the purchaſe of a glorious beauty
From whence an iſſue I might propigate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring ioyes to ſubiects:
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The reſt (harke in thine eare) as blacke as inceſt,
Which by my knowledge found the ſinfull father,
Seem'de not to ſtrike, but ſmooth: But thou knowſt this,
Tis time to feare, when Tyrants ſeeme to kiſſe.
Which feare ſo grew in me I hither fled,
Vnder the couering of a carefull night,
Who ſeem'd my good Protector; and being here,
Bethought what was paſt, what might ſucceed;
I knew him tyrannous, and Tyrants feare
Decreaſe not, but grow faſter then the yeares:
And ſhould he doo't as no doubt he doth,
That I ſhould open to the liſtning ayre,
How many worthy Princes blouds were ſhed,
To keepe his bed of blackneſſe vnlayd ope,

To lop that doubt, hee'le fill this Land with armes,
And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Muſt feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which loue to all of which thy ſelfe art one,
Who now reprou'dſt me for it.

Hell. Alas ſir.

Per. Drew ſleepe out of mine eyes, bloud frō my cheeks
Muſings into my minde, with thouſand doubts
How I might ſtop their tempeſt ere it came,
And finding little comfort to reliefe them,
I thought it princely charity to grieue for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, ſince you haue giuen me leaue to ſpeake,
Freely will I ſpeake, *Antiochus* you feare
And iuſtly to I thinke you feare the Tyrant,
Who eyther by publike warre, or priuate treaſon,
will take away your life: therefore my Lord, go trauel for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Deſtinies do cut his threed of life: your Rule direct to any if to me, day ſerues not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith.
But ſhould he wrong my liberties in my abſence?

Hell. Weele mingle our blouds together in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharſus*,
Intend my trauayle, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whoſe letters Ile diſpoſe my ſelfe,
The care I had, and haue of Subiects good,
On thee I lay, whoſe wiſedomes ſtrength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith not aſke thine oath,
Who ſhuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbs we liue ſo round, and ſafe,
That time of both this trueth ſhall neere convince,
Thou ſheweſt a ſubiects ſhine, I a true Prince, *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Thaliard solus.

So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, heere must I kill King *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: t'is dangerous.

Well, I perceiue hee was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to aske what he would of the King, desired he might know none of his secrets.

Now doe I see he had some reason for't: for if a King bid a man be a Villaine, hee's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.

Husht, heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Hellicanus, Escanes, With esher Lords.

Hell. You shall not neede my fellow-Peers of *Tyre*, further to question me of your Kings departure: his sealed Commission left in trust with me, does speake sufficiently hees gone to trauayle.

Thaliard. How? the King gone?

Hell If further yet you will be satisfied, (why as it were vnlicenced of your lones) he would depart? Ile giue some light vnto you, being at *Antioch*?

Tha. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royall *Antiochus* on what cause I know not, tooke some displeasure at him, at least he iudg'd so: and doubting least he had erred or sinnde, to shew his sorrow, hee'de correct himselfe; so puts himselfe vnto the Shipmans toyle, with whome each minute threathens life or death.

Thaliard. Well, I perceiue I shall not bee hangd now, although I would, but since hee's gone the Kings Seas must please: hee scapt the Land to perish at the Sea: Ile present my selfe. Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with message vnto Princely *Pericles*, but since my landing I haue vnderstood, your Lord has betooke himself to vnknown trauayles, now message must returne from whence it came.

Hell. Wee haue no reason to desire it commended to our Master, not to vs, yet ere you shall depart, this wee desire as friends to *Antioch*, we may feast in *Tyre*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon the Gouernour of Tharsus with his wife and others.

Cleon My *Dionyza* shall we rest vs here,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hills because they doe aspire?
Throwes downe one mountayne to cast vp a higher:
O my distressed Lord, euen such our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and seene with mischiefes eyes,
But like to Groues being topt, they higher rise.

Cleon. O *Dionyza*,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrowes doe sound deepe:
Our woes into the aire, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclayme
Them louder, that if heauen slumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers, to comfort them.
Ile then discourse our woes felt seuerall yeares
And wanting breath to speake helpe me with teares.

Dion. Ile do my best Sir.

Cleon. This *Tharsus*, ore which I haue the Gouernment,
A City on whom plenty held full hand:
For riches strewde her selfe euen in the streets,

Whose

Whoſe towers bore-heads ſo high they kiſt the clowdes,
And ſtrangers neuer beheld, but wondred at,
Whoſe men and dames ſo ietted and adorn'de,
Like one anothers glaſſe to trimme them by:
Their tables were ſtor'de full to glad the ſight,
And not ſo much to feede on, as delight,
All pouerty was ſcorn'de, and pride ſo great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeate.

Dion. O t'is too true.

Cleon. But ſee what heauen can do by this our change:
Theſe mouthes who but of late, earth, ſea, and ayre,
Were all too little to content and Pleaſe,
Although they gaue their creatures in aboundance:
As houſes are defil'de for want of vſe,
They are now ſtaru'de for want of exerciſe:
Thoſe pallats who not yet to ſauers yonger,
Muſt haue inuentions to delight the taſte,
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it:
Theſe mothers who to nouzell vp their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eate thoſe little darlings whom they lou'de,
So ſharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who firſt ſhall die to lengthen life.
Here ſtands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping:
Here many ſinke, yet thoſe which ſee them fall,
Haue ſcarce ſtrength left to giue them buryall.
Is not this true?

Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eyes do witneſſe it.

Cleon. O let thoſe Cities that of plenties cup,
And her proſperityes ſo largely taſte,
With their ſuperfluous ryots heare theſe teares,
The miſery of *Tharſus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the Lord Gouernour?

Cleon. Here, ſpeake out thy ſorrowes, which g bring'ſt

in

in haſte, for comfort is too farre for vs to expect.

Lord. We haue deſcried vpon our neighbouring ſhore,
a portly ſayle of ſhips make hither ward.

Cleon. I thought as much.
One ſorrow neuer comes but brings an heire,
That may ſucceed as his inheritor:
And ſo in ours; ſome neighbouring nation,
Taking aduantage of our miſery,
That ſtuff't the hollow veſſels with their power,
To beat vs downe the which are downe already
And make a conqueſt of vnhappy me,
Whereas no glories got to ouercome.

Lord. Tha'ts the leaſt feare.
For by the ſemblance of their white flagges diſplay'd, they
bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.

Cleon. Thou ſpeak'ſt like hymnes vntuter'd to repeat,
Who makes the faireſt ſhew, meanes moſt deceipt.
But bring they what they will, and what they eam,
What need we leaue our grounds the loweſt?
And we are halfe way there: Goe, tell their Generall wee
attend him here, to know forwhat he comes, and whence
hee comes, and what he craues.

Lord. I goe my Lord.

Cleon. Well come is peace, if he on peace conſiſt;
If warres, we are vnable to reſiſt.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Gouernour, for ſo we heare you are,
Let not our ſhips and number of our men,
Be like a Beacon fier'd, t'amaze your eyes,
We haue heard your miſeryes as farre as *Tyre*,
And ſeene the deſolation of your ſtreets,
Nor come we to adde ſorrow to your teares,
But to relieue them of their heauy loade,
And theſe our ſhippes you happily may thinke,

Are

Are like the Troian horſe, was ſtuft within
With bloudy veines expecting ouerthrow,
Are ſtor'd with corne, to make your needy bread,
And giue them life, whom hunger-ſtaru'd halfe dead.
Omnes. The Gods of *Greece* protect you,
And wee'le pray for you.
Per. Ariſe I pray you, ariſe; we do not look for reuerence but for loue, and harborage for our ſelfe, our ſhips, & mē.
Cleon. The which when any ſhall not gratifie,
Or pay you with vnthankefulneſſe in thought,
Be it our wiues, our children or our ſelues,
The curſe of heauen and men ſucceede their euils:
Till when, the which (I hope) ſhall nere be ſeene:
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.
Per. Which welcome wee'le accept, feaſt here awhile,
Vntill our Starres that frowne, lend vs a ſmile. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Heere haue you ſeene a mighty King
His child I'wis to inceſt bring:
A better Prince and benigne Lord,
That will prooue awfull both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men ſhould be,
Till he hath paſt neceſſitie:
Ile ſhew you thoſe in troubles raigne,
Looſing a Mite, a Mountayne gayne:
The good in conuerſation,
To whom I giue my benizon:
Is ſtill at *Tharſtill*, where each man
Thinkes all is writ he ſpoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statute to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary,
Are brought your eyes, what need ſpeake I.

Dumbe Shew.

Enter at one doore Pericles *talking with* Cleon, *all the Traine with them: Enter at another doore, a Gentleman with a letter to* Pericles; Pericles *shewes the letter to* Cleon; Pericles *giues the Messenger a reward, and Knights him.*

Exit Pericles *at one doore, and* Cleon *at an other.*

Good *Hellican* that stayde at home,
Not to eate hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he striue
To killen bad, keepe good aliue:
And to fulfill his Prince desire,
Sau'd one of all that happes in *Tyre*:
How *Thaliard* came full bent with sinne,
And hid intent to murder him;
And that in *Tharsis* was not best,
Longer for him to make his rest:
He doing so, put foorth to Seas;
Where when men been, there's seldome ease,
For now the winde begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes such vnquiet, that the ship,
Should house him safe, is wrackt and split,
And he (good Prince) hauing all lost,
By waues, from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought escapen'd but himselfe;
Till fortune tyr'd with doing bad,
Threw him a shore to giue him glad:
And heere he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry Starres of heauen,
Wind, Rayne, and Thunder: remember earthly man
Is but a substance that must yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) doe obey you.

Alasse,

Alasse, the Seas hath cast me on the Rockes,
Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffize the greatnes of your powers,
To haue bereft a Prince of all his fortunes;
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Here to haue death in peace, is all he'le craue.

Enter three Fisher-men.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What Patch-breech, I say.
3. What say you, Master?
1. Looke how thou stirr'st now:
Come away, or Ile fetch'th with a wanion.
3. Faith Master, I am thinking of the poore men
That were cast away before vs, euen now.
1. Alasse, poore soules, it grieued my heart to heare
What pittifull cryes they made to vs, to helpe them,
When (we'laday) we could scarce helpe our selues.
3. Nay Master, sayd not I as much,
When I saw the Porpas, how he bounst and tumbled?
They say, they are halfe fish, halfe flesh:
A plague on thē, they were come but I looke to be washt.
Master, I marueil how the fishes liue in the Sea?
1. Why, as men doe a land,
The great ones eate vp the little ones:
I can compare our rich Misers, to nothing so fitly
As to a Whale; a playes and tumbles,
Driuing the poore Fry before him,
And at last deuoure them all at a mouthfull.
Such Whales haue I heard on a'th land,
Who neuer leaue gaping, till they swallowed
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Belles and all.
Per. A pretty Morrall.
3. But Master, if I had beene the Sexton,
I would haue beene that day in the Belfrie.
2. Why, man?

1. Becauſe he ſhould haue ſwallowed me too,
And when I had beene in his belly,
I would haue kept ſuch a gangling of the Belles,
That he ſhould neuer haue left,
Till he caſt Bels, Steeple, Church and Pariſh vp agayne:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde.

Peri. Simonides?

3. We would purge the land of theſe Drones,
That rob the Bee of her hony.

Per. How from the fenny ſubiect of the Sea,
Theſe Fiſhers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watry Empire recollect,
All that may men approoue or men detect.
Peace be at your labour, honeſt fiſhermen.

2. Honeſt, good fellow, whats that, if it be a day fits you,
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

Per. May ſee the Sea hath caſt vpon your coaſt.

2. What a drunken Knaue was the Sea,
To caſt thee in our way?

Per. A man whom both the waters and the winde,
In that vaſte Tennis-court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vpon, intreats you pitty him:
He aſkes of you that neuer vſ'd to begge.

1. No friend, cannot you begge?
Heer's them in our country of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, then we can doe with working.

2. Canſt thou catch any Fiſhes then?

Peri. I neuer practiz'de it.

2. Nay then thou wilt ſtarue ſure: for heer's nothing to be got now-adayes, vnleſſe thou canſt fiſh for't.

Per. What I haue beene I haue forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throng'd vp with cold, my veines are chill,
And haue no more of life then may ſuffize
To giue my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:
Which if you ſhall refuſe, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray you ſee me buried.

1. Die, ke-tha; now gods forbid't, and I haue a gowne heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore me a handsome fellow: Come, thou shalt goe home, & wee'le haue Flesh for all day, Fish for fasting-dayes and more; or Puddings and Flap-iacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you, sir.

2. Harke you, my friend, You sayd you could not beg?

Per. I did but craue.

2. But craue?
Then Ile turne crauer too, and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are you beggers whip't then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, no: all: for if all your beggers were whipt, I would wish no better office, the to be Beadle. But Master, Ile goe draw vp the Net.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Hearke you, sir, doe you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

1. Why I tell you, this is cal'd *Pantapoles*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good *Symonides*, doe you call him?

1. I sir; and he deserues so to be cal'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good gouerment.

Per. He is a happy King, since he gaynes from
His subiects the name of good, by his gouerment.
How farre is his court distant from this shore?

1. Mary sir, halfe a dayes iourney: and Ile tell you,
He hath a faire Daughter, & to morrow is her birth-day,
And there are Princes & Knights come from all parts of the world, to Iust and Turney for her loue.

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.

1. O sir, things must be as they may: and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deale for his Wiues soule.

Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing vp a Net.

2. Helpe, Master, helpe, heere's a fish hangs in the net
Like a poore mans right in the law, twill hardly come out.
Ha bots on't, tis come at last, & tis turn'd to a rusty Armor.

Per. An Armour, friends; I pray you let me see it?
Thankes Fortune, yet that after all crosses,
Thou giuest me somewhat to repaire my selfe:
And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath me,
With his strict charge euen as he left his life:
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it hath beene a shield
Twixt me and death; and poynted to this Brayse:
For that it saued me, keepe it in like necessity:
The which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.
It kept where I kept, I so dearely lou'd it,
Till the rough Seas (that spares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd hath giuen't agayne:
I thanke thee for't, my ship-wracke now's no ill,
Since I haue here my father gaue in his Will.

1. What meane you, sir?

Per. To begge of you (kind friends) this coate of worth,
For it was sometime Target to a King;
I know it by this marke: he loued me dearely,
And for his sake, I wish the hauing of it:
And that you'd guide me to your Soueraignes Court,
Where with it I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that euer my low fortune's better,
Ile pay your bounties; till then rest your debter.

1. Why, wilt thou Turney for the Lady?

Per. Ile shew the vertue I haue borne in Armes.

1 Why do't take it, and the gods giue thee good an't.

2. But hearke you, my friend, twas we that made vp this Garment through the rough seames of the waters: there are certaine Condolements, certayne Vailes: I hope sir, if you thriue, you'le remember from whence you had them.

Per. Beleeue't, I will:
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in Steele,
And spight of all the rupture of the Sea,
This Iewell holds his building on my arme:
Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe.

Vpon a Courſer, whoſe delight ſteps,
Shall make the Gazar ioy to ſee him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am vnprouided of a paire of baſes.
2. Wee'le ſure prouide, thou ſhalt haue
My beſt Gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my ſelfe.
Per. Then honour be but a Goale to my will,
This day Ile riſe, or elſe adde ill to ill.

Enter Simonides with attendants, and Thaiſa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Tryumph?
1. *Lord.* They are, my Liege; and ſtay your comming,
To preſent themſelues.
King. Returne them, We are ready, and our Daughter
Heere, in houour of whoſe birth, theſe Tryumphs are,
Sits heere like beauties child, whom Nature gat,
For men to ſee; and ſeeing wonder at.
Thai. It pleaſeth you (my royall father) to expreſſe
My commendations great, whoſe merrit's leſſe.
King. It's fit it ſhould be ſo; for Princes are
A modell which Heauen makes like to it ſelfe:
As Iewels looſe their glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renownes, if not reſpected:
Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertayne
The labour of each Knight, in his deuice.
Thai. Which to preſerue my honour Ile performe.

The firſt Knight paſſes by.

King. Who is the firſt, that doth preferre himſelfe?
Thai. A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne:
The word: *Lux tua vita mihi.*
King. He loues you well, that holdes his life of you.

The ſecond Knight.

Who is the ſecond, that preſents himſelfe?

Tha. A Prince of *Macedon* (my Royall Father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is an armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady,
The Motto thus in Spaniſh. *Pue Per doleera kee per forſa.*

3. *Knight King.* And with the third?

Thai. The third, of *Antioch*; and his deuice,
A wreath of Chiualry: the word, *Me Pompey prouexit apex.*

4. *Knight. King.* What is the fourth.

Thai. A burning Torch that's turned vpſide downe;
The word: *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

King. Which ſhewes that beauty hath his power & wil,
which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

5. *Kni. Tha.* The fift; an Hand enuironed with clouds,
Holding out Gold, thats by the Touch-ſtone tryde:
The Motto thus: *Sic ſpectanda fides.*

6. *Knight. King.* And what's the ſixt, and laſt; the which
the Knight himſelfe w̄ ſuch a graceful courteſie deliuered?

That. He ſeemes to be a ſtranger: but his Preſent is
A withered Branch thats onely greene at top:
The Motto: *In hac ſpe vino.*

King. A pretty morall; from the deiected ſtate wherein
He is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flouriſh.

1. *Lord.* He had neede meane better then his outward
Shew can any way ſpeake in his iuſt commend:
For by his ruſty out-ſide he appeares
To haue practiz'd more the Whipſtocke, then the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a ſtranger; for he comes
To an honorde tryumph ſtrangely furniſht.

3. *Lord.* And on ſet purpoſe let his Armour ruſt
Vntill this day to ſcowre it in the duſt.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs ſcan
The outward habit, by the inward man.
But ſtay, the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

Great ſhoutes, and all cry, The meane Knight.

Enter

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to say you're welcome were ſuperfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page; your worth in armes,
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in ſhew commends it ſelfe:
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a Feaſt.
You are Princes, and my gueſtes,
Thai. But you my Knight and gueſt,
To whom this Wreath of victorie I giue,
And crowne you King of this dayes happineſſe.
Per. 'Tis more by Fortune (Lady) then my merit.
King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And here (I hope) is none that enuies it:
In framing an Artiſt, art hath thus decreed,
To make ſome good, but others to exceed,
And you are her labour'd ſcholler: come Queene at th'feaſt,
For (Daughter) ſo you are; here take your place:
Martiall the reſt, as they deſerue their grace
Knights. We are honour'd much by good *Symonides.*
King. Your preſence glads our dayes, honour wee loue,
For who hates honour, hates the Gods aboue.
Marſh. Sir, yonder is your place.
Per. Some other is more fit.
1. *Knight.* Contend not ſir, for we are Gentlemen,
Haue neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Enuies the great, nor ſhall the low deſpiſe.
Per. You are right courtious Knights.
King. Sit ſir, ſit.
By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
Theſe Cates reſiſt me, he not thought vpon.
Thaiſ. By *Iuno* (that is Queene of Marriage)
All Viands that I eate do ſeeme vnſauorie,
Wiſhing him my meat: ſure hee's a gallant Gentleman.
King. Hee's but a countrie Gentleman: ha's done no more
Then other Knights haue done; ha's broken a ſtaffe.

Or ſo; let it paſſe.

Thai. To me he ſeemes like Diamond, to Glaſſe.

Per. You King's to me, like to my fathers picture,
Which tels in that glory once he was,
Had Princes, ſit like ſtarres about his Throane,
And he the Sunne for them to reuerence;
None that beheld him, but like leſſer lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his ſupremacie;
Where now his ſonne like a Glo-worme in the night,
The which hath Fire in darkeneſſe, none in light:
Whereby I ſee that Time's the King of Men,
He's both their Parents, and he is their Graue,
And giues them what he will, not what they craue.

King. What are you merry, Knights?

Knights. Who can be other in this royall preſence.

King. Heere with a cup that's ſtur'd vnto the brim,
As do you loue, fill to your Miſtreſſe lips,
We drinke this health to you.

Knights. We thanke your grace.

King. Yet pauſe awhile; you Knight doth ſit too melancholy,
As if the intertainement in our Court,
Had not a ſhew might counteruaile his worth:
Note it not you *Thaiſa?*

Thai. What is't to me my father?

King. O, attend my Daughter,
Princes in this, ſhould liue like Gods aboue,
Who freely giue to euery one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing ſo, are like to Gnats,
Which make a ſound, but kild, are wondred at:
Therefore to make his entrance more ſweet,
Heere ſay we drinke this ſtanding boule of wine to him,

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me,
Vnto a ſtranger Knight to be ſo bold,
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take womens gifts for impudence,

King. How? doe as I bid you, or youle moone me elſe.

Thai. Now by the Gods, he could not pleaſe me better.

King

King. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name, and Parentage;
Thai. The King my father (sir) has drunke to you.
Per. I thanke him.
Thai. Wishing it so much blood vnto your life.
Per. I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further, he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name, and parentage?
Per. A Gentleman of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,
My education beene in Arts and Armes.
Who looking for aduentures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after ship-wracke, driuen vpon this shore.
Thai He thankes your Grace; names himselfe *Pericles*,
A Gentleman of *Tyre*; who onely by misfortune of the seas,
Bereft of ships and men, cast one the shore.
king. Now by the Gods, I pittie his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come Gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which lookes for other reuels?
Euen in your Armours as you are addrest,
Will well become a Souldiers daunce:
I will not haue excuse with saying this,
Lowd musike is too harsh for Ladyes heads,
Since they loue men in Armes, as well as beds.

They daunce.

So, this was well ask'd t'was so well perform'd.
Come sir, heer's a Lady that wants breathing too:
And I haue heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,
Are excellent in making Ladyes trippe;
And that their Measures are as excellent.
Per. In those that practize them, they are (my Lord.)
king. Oh that's as much, as you would be denyed
Of your faire courtesie: vnclaspe, vnclaspe.

They daunce.

Thankes Gentlemen, to all; all haue done well;
But you the best: Pages and lights, to conduct

These Knights vnto their seuerall Lodgings:
Yours sir, we haue giuen order be next our owne.
Per. I am at your Graces pleasure.
Princes, it is too late to talke of Loue,
And that's the marke I know you leuell at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest,
To morrow all for speeding doe their best.

¶ *Enter Hellicanus and Escanes.*

Hell. No *Escanes* know this of mee,
Antiochus from incest liued not free:
For which the most high Gods not minding,
Longer to withold the vengeance that
They had in store, due to this haynous
Capitall offence; euen in the height and pride
Of all his glory, when he was seated in
A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
With him; a fire from heauen came and shriueld
Vp those bodyes euen to lothing, for they so stunke,
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand should giue them buriall.
Escanes. 'Twas very straunge.
Hell. And yet but iustice; for though this King were great,
His greatnesse was no gard to barre heauens shaft,
By sinne had his reward.
Escan. Tis very true.

¶ *Enter two or three Lords.*

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in priuate conference,
Or counsaile, ha's respect with him but hee.
2. *Lord.* It shall no longer grieue without reproofe.
3. *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.
1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a worde,
Hell. With me? and welcome, happy day my Lords.
1. *Lord.* Know that our griefes are risen to the top,
And now at length they ouer-flow their bankes.
Hell. Your griefes, for what?

Wrong

Wrong not your Prince you loue.

1. *Lord* Wrong not your ſelfe then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince doe liue, let vs ſalute him,
Or know what ground's made happie by his breath:
If in the world he liue, wee'le ſeeke him out:
If in his graue he reſt, wee'le finde him there,
And be reſolued, he liues to gouerne vs:
Or dead, giue's cauſe to mourne his funerall,
And leaue vs to our free Election.

2. *Lord.* Whoſe dearth in deed, the ſtrongeſt in our cenſure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine: your noble ſelfe,
That beſt knowes how to rule and how to raigne.
We thus ſubmit vnto our Soueraigne,

Omnes. Liue noble *Hellican.*

Hell. Try honours cauſe; forbeare your ſuffrages:
If that you loue Prince *Pericles*, forbeare,
(Take I your wiſh, I leape into the ſeas,
Where's howerly trouble, for a minutes eaſe)
A twelue-month longer, let me intreat you
To forbeare the abſence of your King;
If in which time expir'd he not returne,
I ſhall with aged patience beare your yoake.
But if I cannot winne you to this loue,
Goe ſearch like Nobles, like noble Subiects,
And in your ſearch, ſpend your aduenturous worth,
Whom if you finde, and winne vnto returne,
You ſhall like Diamonds ſit about his Crowne.

1. *Lord.* To wiſdome, hee's a foole that will not yeeld,
And ſince Lord *Hellican* inioyneth vs,
We with our trauels will endeuour.

Hell. Then you loue vs, we you, & wee'le claſpe hands:
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome euer ſtands.

¶ Enter the King reading of a letter at one dore, the Knightes meete him.

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides.*

King. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelue-month, shee'le not vndertake
A maried life: her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,
Which from her by no meanes can I get.
2. Knight. May we not get accesse to her (my Lord?)
King. Faith, by no meanes, she hath so strictly
Tyed her to her chamber, that t'is impossible:
One twelue Moons more shee'le weare *Dianas* liuery:
This by the eye of *Cinthia* hath she vowed,
And on her Virgin honour will not breake it.
3. Knight. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaues. *Exit.*
King. So, they are well dispatcht:
Now to my daughters Letter; shee tels me here,
Shee'le wed the stranger Knight,
Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.
T'is well Mistris, your choyce agrees with mine:
I like that well: nay how absolute shee's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed: soft heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

¶ Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good *Simonides.*
King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you
For your sweet Musicke this last night:
I do protest, my eares were neuer better fedde
With such delightfull pleasing harmonie.
Per. It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.
King. Sir, you are Musickes maister:
Per. The worst of all her Schoollers (my good Lord.)
King. Let me aske you one thing:
What doe you thinke of my daughter sir?
Per. A most virtuous Princesse.
King. And shee's faire too, is she not?
Per. As a faire day in Sommer: wonderous faire.

King

King. Sir, my Daughter thinkes very well of you,
I ſo well, that you muſt be her Maiſter,
And ſhe will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.
Per. I am vnworthy for her Schoole-maiſter.
King. Shee thinkes not ſo: peruſe this writing elſe.
Per. What's here? a letter, that ſhe loues the knight of *Tyre?*
T'is the Kings ſubtiltie to haue my life:
Oh, ſeeke not to intrappe me, gracious Lord,
A ſtranger, and diſtreſſed Gentleman,
That neuer aymed ſo hie, to loue your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
King. Thou haſt bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a Villaine.
Per. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought
Of mine leuie offence; nor neuer did my actions
Yet commence, a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your diſpleaſure.
King. Traytor, thou lyeſt.
Per. Traytor?
King. I, traytor.
Per. Euen in his throat, vnleſſe it be the King,
That cals me Traytor, I returne the lye.
king. Now by the Gods I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That neuer reliſht of a baſe diſcent:
I came vnto your Court for honours cauſe,
And not to be a Rebell to her ſtate:
And he that otherwiſe accountes of mee,
This ſword ſhall prooue, hee's honours enimie.
king. No? here comes my daughter, ſhe can witneſſe it.

Enter Traiſa.

Per. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Reſolue your angry father, if my tongue
Did ere ſolicit, or my hand ſubſcribe
To any ſilable that made loue to you?
Thai. Why ſir, if you had, who takes offence?

At that, would make me glad?
King. Yea Mistris, are you so peremptorie?
I am glad o'nt with all my heart,
Ile tame you; Ile bring you in subiection. *Aside.*
Will you not, hauing my consent.
Bestow your loue and your affections,
Vpon a stranger? who for ought I know,
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary) *Aside.*
As great in blood as I my selfe:
Therefore heare you Mistresse, either frame
Your will to mine: and you sir, heare you;
Either be rul'd by me, or Ile make you,
Man and wife: nay, come your hands,
And lips must seale it too: and bring ioyn'd,
Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further griefe:
God giue you ioy; what are you both pleased?
Thai. Yes, if you loue me sir?
Per. Euen as my life my blood that fosters it.
King. What are you both agreed?
Amb. Yes if't please your Maiestie.
King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can get you to bed. *Exeunt*

Enter Gower.

Now ysleepe slaked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made lowder by the ore-fed beast,
Of this most pompous marriage Feast:
The Catte with eyne of burning cole,
Now couches from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket sing at the Ouens mouth,
Are the blyther for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Where by the losse of mayden-head,
A Babe is moulded: by attent,

And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in shew, I'le plaine with speach.

¶ *Enter* Pericles *and* Simonides *at one doore, with attendants, a messenger meetes them, kneeles and giues* Pericles *a letter,* Pericles *shewes it* Symonides, *the Lordes kneele to him; then enter* Thaysa *with childe, with* Lichorida, *a nurse, the* King *shewes her the letter, she reioyces: she and* Pericles *take leaue of her father, and depart.*

By many a dearne and painefull pearch
Of *Pericles*, the carefull search,
By the foure opposing Crignes,
Which the world to gither ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and saile, and hie expence,
Can steed the quest at last from *Tyre*,
Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are Letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter deare,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Helicanus* would set on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:
The mutanie, he there hastes t'oppresse,
Sayes to'em, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twice sixe moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne: the summe of this
Brought hither to *Penlapolis*,
Ironysh'd the regions round,
And euery one with claps can sound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreampt? who thought of such a thing?
Briefe, he must hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with child, makes her desire,

Which who ſhall croſſe along to goe,
Omit we all their doleand woe:
Lichorida her nurſe ſhe takes,
And ſo to Sea; their veſſell ſhakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,
Hath their Keele cut: but fortune moou'd
Varies againe, the griſlee North
Diſgorges ſuch a tempeſt forth,
That as a Ducke for life that driues,
So vp and downe the poore Ship diues:
The Lady ſhrieekes, and well-a-neare,
Do's fall in trauaile with her feare:
And what enſues in this ſelfe ſtorme
Shall for it ſelfe, if ſelfe performe:
I nill relate, action may
Conueniently the reſt conuay;
Which might not? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold:
This Stage, the Ship, vpon whoſe Decke,
The Seas toſt *Pericles* appeares to ſpeake.

¶ *Enter Pericles a Shipboord.*

Per. The God of this great Vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges
Which waſh both heauen and hell and thou that haſt
Vpon the windes commaund, bind them in Braſſe;
Hauing call'd them from the deepe, O ſtill
Thy deafning dreadfull thunders, dayly quench
Thy nimble ſulpherous flaſhes: O how *Lichorida*
How does my Queene? then ſtorme venomouſly,
Wilt thou ſpeat all thy ſelfe? the Seamans Whiſtle
Is a whiſper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lychorida*? *Lucina*, oh!
Diuineſt patroneſſe, and my wife gentle
To thoſe that crie by night, conuey thy deitie
Aboard our dauncing Boat, make ſwift the pangues
Of my Queenes trauailes? Now *Lychorida*.

¶ *Enter*

¶ *Enter Lychorida.*

Lychor. Heere is a thing too young for ſuch a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to doe:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.

Per. How? how *Lychorida?*

Lycho. Patience (good ſir) do not aſſiſt the ſtorme,
Heer's all that is left liuing of your Queene;
A litle Daughter: for the ſake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you Gods!
Why do you make vs loue your goodly gifts,
And ſnatch them ſtraight away? we heere below,
Recall not what we giue, and therein may
Vſe honour with you.

Lycho. Patience (good ſir) euen for this charge.

Per. Now mylde may be thy life,
For a more bluſterous birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions; for
Thou art the rudelyeſt welcome to this world,
That euer was Princes Child: happy what followes,
Thou haſt as chiding a natiuitie,
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,
To harould thee from the wombe:
Euen at the firſt, thy loſſe is more then can
Thy portage quite, with all thou canſt find heere:
Now the good Gods throw their beſt eyes vpon't.

¶ *Enter two Saylers.*

1 *Sayl.* What courage ſir? God ſaue you.

Per. Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worſt: yet for the loue
Of this poore Infant, this freſh new ſea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1. *Sayl.* Slake the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou?
Blow and ſpilt thy ſelfe.

2. *Sayl.* But Sea-roome, and the brine and clowdy billow
Kiſſe the Moone, I care not.

1. Sir, your Queene muſt ouerboard, the ſea workes hie,
The Wind is lowd, and will not lie till the Ship
Be cleard of the dead.

Per. That's your ſuperſtition.

1. Pardon vs ſir; with vs at Sea it hath bin ſtill obſerued
And we are ſtrong in eaſterne, therefore briefly yeeld'er,

Per. As you thinke meet; for ſhe muſt ouer board ſtraight,
Moſt wretched Queene.

Lychor. Heere ſhe lyes ſir.

Per. A terrible Child-bed haſt thou had (my deare,)
No light, no fire, the vnfriendly elements
Forgot thee vtterly, nor haue I time
To bring thee hallowd to thy graue, but ſtraight
Muſt caſt thee ſcarcely Coffind, in oare,
Where for a monument vpon thy bones,
The ayre remayning lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming Water muſt orewhelme thy corpes,
Lying with ſimple ſhels: O *Lychoridæ*,
Bid *Neſtor* bring me Spices, Incke, and Paper,
My Casket, and my Iewels; and bid *Nicander*
Bring me the Sattin Coffin: lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I ſay
A prieſtly farewell to her: ſodainely, woman.

2. Sir, we haue a Cheſt beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.

Per. I thanke thee: Mariner ſay, what Coaſt is this?

2. We are neere *Tharſus*.

Per. Thither gentle Mariner,
Alter thy courſe for *Tyre*: When canſt thou reach it?

2. By breake of day, if the Wind ceaſe.

Per. O make for *Tharſus*,
There will I viſit *Cleaon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nurſing: goe thy waies good Mariner,
Ile bring the body preſently. *Exit*

Enter

¶ *Enter Lord Cerymon with a ſeruant.*

Cery. *Phylemon*, hoe.

¶ *Enter Phylemon.*

Phyl. Doth my Lord call?

Cery. Get Fire and meate for theſe poore men,
T'as beene a turbulent and ſtormie night.

Serv. I haue beene in many; but ſuch a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.

Cery. Your Maiſter will be dead ere you returne,
Ther's nothing can be miniſtred to nature,
That can recouer him: giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

¶ *Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Good morrow.

2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordſhip.

Cory. Gentlemen, why doe you ſtirre ſo early?

1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings ſtanding bleake vpon the ſea
Shooke as the earth did quake:
The very principals did ſeeme to rend and all to topple:
Pure ſurprize and feare, made me to quite the houſe.

2. *Gent.* That is the cauſe we trouble you ſo early,
T'is not our husbandry.

Cery. O you ſay well.

1. *Gent* But I much maruaile that your Lordſhip
Hauing rich tire about you, ſhould at theſe early houres
Shake off the golden ſlumber of repoſe; tis moſt ſtrange
Nature ſhould be ſo conuerſant with paine,
Being thereto not compelled.

Cery. I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning.
Were endowments greater, then Nobleneſſe and Riches;
Careleſſe Heyres, may the two latter darken and expend;
But Immortalitie attendes the former,
Making a man a god:
T'is knowne, I euer haue ſtudied Phyſicke:
Through which ſecret Art, by turning ore Authoritie,

I haue together with my practize, made familiar,
To me and to my ayde, the bleſt infuſions that dwels
In Vegetiues, in Mettals, Stones: and can ſpeake of the
Diſturbances that Nature works, and of her cures;
Which doth giue me a more content in courſe of true delight
Then to be thirſty after tottering Honour, or
Tie my pleaſure vp in ſilken Bagges,
To pleaſe the Foole and Death.

2. Gent. Your honour h'as through *Epheſus*,
Poured foorth your charitie, and hundreds call themſelues
Your Creatures; who by you, haue beene reſtored;
And not your knowledge, your Perſonall paine,
But euen your Purſe ſtill open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*
Such ſtrong renowne, as time ſhall neuer.

Enter two or three with a Cheſt.

Ser. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that?

Ser. Sir, euen now did the ſea toſſe vp vpon our ſhore
This Cheſt; ti's of ſome wracke.

Cer. Set't downe, let's looke vpon't.

2. Gent. T'is like a Coffin, ſir.

Cer. What ere it be, t'is wondrous heauie;
Wrench it open ſtraight:
If the Seas ſtomacke be orecharg'd with Gold,
T'is a good conſtraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2. Gent. T'is ſo; my Lord.

Cer. How cloſe t'is caulkt & bottomed, did the ſea caſt it vp

Ser. I neuer ſaw ſo huge a billow ſir, as toſt it vpon ſhore.

Cer. Wrench it open ſoft; it ſmels moſt ſweetly in my ſenſe.

2. Gent. A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my noſtrill: ſo, vp with it.
Oh you moſt potent Gods! what's here, a Corſe?

2. Gent. Moſt ſtrange.

Cer. Shrowded in Cloth of ſtate, balmed and entreaſured
With full bagges of Spices, a Paſport to *Apollo*, preſect me in
the Characters.

Here I giue to vnderſtand,
If ere this Coffin driues aland;
I King Pericles *haue loſt:*
This Queene, worth all oure mundaine coſt:
Who findes her, giue her burying,
She was the daughter of a King:
Beſides, this Treaſure for a fee,
The Gods requite his charitie.

If thou liueſt *Pericles*, thou haſt a heart,
That euer cracks for woe, this chanc'd to night.

2. Gent. Moſt likely ſir.

Cer. Nay certainely to night, for looke how freſh ſhe looks,
They were too rough, they threw her in the Sea.
Make a Fire within; fetch hither all my Boxes in my Cloſet.
Death may vſurpe on Nature many houres, and yet
The fire of life kindle againe the ore-preſt ſpirits.
I heard of an *Egyptian* that had nine houres lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recouered.

¶ Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well ſaid, well ſaid: the fire and cloathes: the rough and
Wofull Muſicke that we haue, cauſe it to ſound [illegible]
The Violl once more; how thou ſtirreſt thou [illegible]
The muſicke their: I pray you giue her ayre:
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,
Nature awakes a warme breath out of her;
She hath not beene entraunc'ſt aboue fiue houres:
See how ſhe ginnes to blow into lifes flower againe.

1. *Gent.* The Heauens through you, encreaſe our wonder,
And ſets vp your fame for euer.

Cer. She is aliue behold her eye-lids,
Caſes to thoſe heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hath loſt,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a moſt prayſed water doth appeare,
To make the world twiſe rich, liue, and make vs weepe.
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you ſeeme to be.

¶ She moues.

Thai. O dear *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?

What

What world is this?

2. *Gent.* Is not this ſtrange? 1. *Gent.* Moſt rare.

Cer. Huſh (my gentle neighbour) lend me your hands,
To the next chamber beare her: get linnen:
Now this matter muſt be lookt too, for he relapſe
Is mortall: come, come; and *Eſculapius* guid vs.

They carie her away. Exeunt Omnes,

¶ *Enter Pericles, Atharſus, with Cleon and Dioniza.*

Per. Moſt hon or'd *Cleon*, I muſt needs be gone, my twelue
Moneths are exp^ir'd, and *Tyrus* ſtands in a litigious peace:
You and your Lady take from my heart all thankfulneſſe,
The Gods make vp the reſt vpon you.

Cle. Your ſhakes of fortune, though they haunt you mortally
Yet glaunce full wondringly on vs.

Di. O your ſweete Queene! that the ſtrict fates had pleaſ'd,
You had brought her hither to haue bleſt mine eies with her.

Per. Wee cannot but obey the powers aboue vs;
Could I rage and roare as doth the ſea ſhe lies in,
Yet the end muſt be as tis: my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom, for ſhe was borne at ſea, I haue named ſo,
Here, I charge your charitie withall; leauing her
The infant of your care; beſeeching you to giue her
Princely training, that ſhe may be maner'd as ſhe is borne.

Cle. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Countrie with your Corne; for which,
The peoples prayers dayly fall vpon you, muſt in your child
Be thought on, if neglection ſhould therein make me vile,
The common body by you relieu'd,
Would force me to my dutie: but if to that,
My nature need a ſpurre, the Gods reuenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.

Per. I beleeue you, your honour and your goodneſſe,
Teach me too't without your vowes, till ſhe be maried.
Madame, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All vnſiſterd ſhall this heire of mine remaine,
Though I ſhew will in't; ſo I take my leaue:
Good madame, make me bleſſed in your care
In bringing vp my Child.

Cler. I

Dion. I haue one my ſelfe, who ſhall not be more deere to my reſpect then yours, my Lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cler. Weel bring your Grace ene to the edge ath ſhore, then giue you vp to the mask'd *Neptune*, and the gentleſt winds of heauen,

Per. I will imbrace your offer come deereſt Madame, O no teares *Lichorida*, no teares, looke to your little Miſtris, on whoſe grace you may depend hereafter: come my Lord.

¶ *Enter Cerimon, and Tharſa.*

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and ſome certaine Iewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command:
Know you the Charecter?

Thar. It is my Lord, that I was ſhipt at ſea I well remember, euen on my learning time. but whether there deliuered, by the holie gods I cannot rightly ſay: but ſince King *Pericles* my wedded Lord, I nere ſhall ſee againe, a vaſtall liuerie well I take me to, and neuer more haue ioy

Cler. Madam, if this you purpoſe as ye ſpeake,
Dianaes Temple is not diſtant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreouer if you pleaſe, a Neece of mine,
Shall there attend you.

Thin. My recompence is thanks, that's all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift ſmall. *Exit.*

¶ *Enter Gower.*

Imagine *Pericles* arriude at *Tyre*,
Welcomd and ſetled to his owne deſire:
His woſull Queene we leaue at *Epheſus*,
Vnto *Diana* ther's a Votariſſe.

Now to *Marina* bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must finde
At *Tharsus* and by *Cleon* traind
In Musicks letters, who hath gaind
Of education all the grace
Which makes hie both the art and place
Of generall wonder: but alacke
That monster Enuie oft the wracke
Of earned praise, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take of by treasons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen ripe for mariage sight: this Maide
Hight *Philoten*: and it is said
For certaine in our storie, she
Would euer with *Marina* be.
Beet when they weaude the sleded silke,
With fingers long, small, white as milke,
Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which she made more sound
By hurting it, or when too'th Lute
She sung, and made the night bed mute,
That still records with in one, or when
She would with rich and constant pen,
Vaile to her Mistresse *Dian* still,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
with absolute *Marina*: so
The Deue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All prayses, which are paid as debts,
And not as giuen, this so darkes
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with Enuie rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter

Might

Might ſtand peereleſſe by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida our nurſe is dead,
And curſed *Dioniza* hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath.
Preſt for this blow, the vnborne euent,
I doe commend to your content,
Onely I carried winged Time,
Poſt on the lame feete of my rime,
Which neuer could I ſo conuey,
Vnles your thoughts went on my way,
Dioniza doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murtherer. *Exit.*

¶ *Enter Dioniza with Leonine.*

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou haſt ſworne to doo't, tis but a blowe which neuer ſhall bee knowne, thou canſt not doe a thing in the worlde ſo ſoone to yeelde thee ſo much profite: let not conſcience which is but cold, inflaming thy loue boſome, enflame too nicely, nor let pittie which euen women haue caſt off, melt thee, but be a ſouldier to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods ſhould haue her.
Here ſhee comes weeping for her onely Miſtreſſe death,
Thou art reſolude?

Leon. I am reſolude.

¶ *Enter Marina with a Basket of flowers.*

Mari. No: I will rob *Tellus* of her weede to ſtrowe thy greene with Flowers, the yellowes, blewes, the purple violets, and Marigolds, ſhall as a Carpet hang vpon thy graue, while Sommer dayes doth laſt: Ay me poore maide,

borne in a tempeſt, when my mother dide, this world to me is a laſting ſtorme, whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina*, why doe you weepe alone? How chaunce my daughter is not with you? Doe not conſume your blood with ſorrowing, Haue you a nurſe of me? Lord how your fauours Changd with this vnprofitable woe: Come giue me your flowers, ere the ſea marre it, Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there, And it perces and ſharpens the ſtomacke, Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

Mar. No I pray you Ile not bereaue you of your ſeruant.

Dion. Come, come, I loue the king your father, and your ſelfe, with more then forraine heart, we euery day expect him here, when he ſhall come and find our Paragon to all reports thus blaſted.

He will repent the bredth of his great voyage, blame both my Lord and me, that we haue taken no care to your beſt courſes, goe I pray you, walke and be chearfull once againe, reſerue that excellent complexion, which did ſteale the eyes of yong and old. Care not for me, I can goe home alone.

Mar. Well, I will goe, but yet I haue no deſire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know tis good for you, walke halfe an houre *Leonine*, at the leaſt, remember what I haue ſed.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my ſweet Ladie, for a while, pray walke ſoftly, doe not heate your bloud, what, I muſt haue care of you.

Mar. My thanks ſweet Madame, Is the wind Weſterlie that blowes?

Leon. Southweſt.

Mar. When I was borne the wind was North.

Leon. Waſt ſo?

Mar. My father, as nurſeſes, did neuer feare, but eryed good

good ſea-men to the Saylers, galling his kingly hands haling ropes, and claſping to the Maſt, endured a ſea that almoſt burſt the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, neuer was waues nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, waſhes off a canuas clymer, ha ſes one, wolt out? and with a dropping induſtrie they skip from ſterne to ſterne: the Boatſwaine whiſtles, and the Maſter calles and trebles their confuſion.

Leon. Come ſay your prayers.

Mar. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little ſpace for prayer, I graunt it, pray, but be not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare, and I am ſworne to doe my worke with haſte.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To ſatisfie my Ladie.

Mar. Why would ſhee haue mee kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I neuer ſpake bad word, nor did ill turne to any liuing creature: Beleeue me law, I neuer killd a Mouſe, nor hurt a Fly: I trode vpon a worme againſt my will, but I wept ſore. How haue I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her any profite, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commiſſion is not to reaſon of the deed, but doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world I hope: you are well fauoured, and your lookes foreſhew you haue a gentle heart, I ſaw you lately when you chaught hurt in parting two that fought: good ſooth it ſhewde well in you, do ſo now, your Lady ſeekes my life, Come you betweene, and ſaue poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworne, and will diſpatch. *Enter Pirats.*

Pirat.1 Hold villaine.

Pirat.2 A prize, a prize.

Pirat.3 Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue her

aboord ſodainly.

Exit.

¶ *Enter* Leonine.

Leon. Theſe rogueing theeues ſerue the great Pyrate *Valdes* and they haue ſeized *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no hope ſhee will returne, Ile ſweare ſhees dead, and throwne into the Sea, but Ile ſee further: perhappes they will but pleaſe themſelues vpon her, not carrie her aboord, if ſhee remaine,
Whom they haue rauiſht, muſt by me be ſlaine.

Exit.

¶ *Enter the three Baudes*

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the Market narrowly, *Metaline* is full of gallants, wee loſt too much money this mart by being too wenchleſſe.

Bawd. we were neuer ſo much out of Creatures, wee haue but poore three, and they can doe, no more then they can doe, and they with continuall action, are euen as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets haue freſh ones what ere we pay for them, if there be not a conſcience to bee vſde in euerie trade, we ſhall neuer proſper.

Bawd. Thou ſaiſt true: tis not our bringing vp of poore baſtarſts, as I thinke, I haue brought vp ſome eleuen

Boult. I to eleuen, and brought them downe againe,
But ſhall I ſearch the market?

Bawde. What elſe meane the ſtuffe we haue, a ſtrong winde will blow it to peeces, they are ſo pitifully ſodden.

Pan-

Pander. Thou ſayeſt true, ther's two vnholeſome a conſcience, the poore *Tranſiluanian* is dead that laye with the little baggedge.

Boult. I, ſhee quickly poupt him, ſhee made him roaſt-meat for wormes, but Ile goe ſearch the market.

Exit.

Pand. Three or foure thouſand Chickins were as pretie a proportion to liue quietly, and ſo giue ouer.

Bawd. Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a ſhame to get when wee are olde?

Pand. Oh our credite comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commoditie wages not with the daunger: therefore if in our youths we could picke vp ſome pretie eſtate, t'were not amiſſe to keepe our doore hatch't, beſides the ſore tearmes we ſtand vpon with the gods, wil be ſtrong with vs for giuing ore.

Bawd. Come, other ſorts offend as we.

Pand. As well as we, I, and better too, we offend worſe, neither is our profeſſion any trade, It's no calling, but heere comes *Boult*.

Enter Boult with the Pirates and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my maiſters, you ſay ſhee's a virgin.

Sayler. O Sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Maiſter, I haue gone through for this peece you ſee, if you like her ſo if not, I haue loſt my earneſt.

Bawd. *Boult* ha's ſhe anie qualities?

Boult. Shee ha's a good face, ſpeakes well, and ha's excellent good cloathes: theres no farther neceſſitie of qualities can make her be refuz'd.

Bawd. What's her price, *Boult*?

Boult.

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Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my maisters, you shall haue your money presently, wife take her in, instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be rawe in her entertainment.

Bawd. Boult, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginitie, and crie; He that will giue most shall haue her first, such a maydenhead were no cheape thing, if men were as they haue beene: get this done as I command you.

Boult Performance shall follow. *Exit.*

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was so slacke, so slow, he should haue strooke, not spoke, or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous, had not oreboord throwne me, for to seeke my mother.

Bawd. Why lament you prettie one?

Mar. That I am prettie.

Bawd. Come, the Gods haue done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to liue.

Mar. The more my fault, to scape his handes, where I was to die.

Bawd. I, and you shall liue in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions, you shall fare well, you shall haue the difference of all complexions, what doe you stop your eares?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you haue mee bee, and I bee not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marie whip the Gosseling, I thinke I shall haue something to doe with you, come you'r a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would haue you.

Mar. The Gods defend me.

Bawd

Bawd. if it please the Gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feede you, men stir you vp: *Bowlts* returnd. Now sir, hast thou cride her through the Market?

Boult. I haue cryde her almost to the number of her haires, I haue drawne her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prethee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the yonger sort?

Bowlt. Faith they listened to me, as they would haue harkend to their fathers testament, there was a Spaniards mouth watred, and he went to bed to her verie description.

Bawd. We shall haue him here to morrow with his best ruffe on.

Bowlt. To night, to night, but Mistresse doe you knowe the French knight, that cowres ethe hams?

Bawd. Who, *Mounsieur Verollus*?

Boult I, he, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groane at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Bawd. Well, well, as for him, he brought his disease hither, here he does but repaire it, I knowe he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the Sunne.

Boult. Well, if we had of euerie Nation a traueller, we should lodge them with this signe.

Bawd. Pray you come hither awhile, you haue Fortunes comming vpon you, marke me, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, despise profite, where you haue most gaine, to weepe that you liue as ye doe, makes Pittie in your Louers seldome, but that pittie begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mari. I vnderstand you not.

Boult. O take her home Mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must be quencht with some present practise.

Mari. Thou ſayeſt true yfaith, ſo they muſt, for your Bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith ſome do, and ſome doe not, but Miſtreſſe if I haue bargaind for the ioynt.

Bawd. Thou maiſt eat a morſell off the ſpit.

Boult. I may ſo.

Bawd. Who ſhould denie it?
Come young one, i like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they ſhall not be changd yet.

Bawd. *Boult*, ſpend thou that in the towne. report what a ſoiourner wee haue, youle looſe nothing by cuſtome.
When Nature framde this peece, ſhee meant thee a good turne therefore ſay what a parragon ſhe is, and thou haſt the harueſt out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Miſtreſſe, thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beautie ſtirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home ſome to night.

Bawd. Come your wayes, follow me.

Mari. If fires be hote, kniues ſharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I ſtill my virgin knot will keepe.
Diana ayde my purpoſe.

Bawd. What haue we to doe with *Diana*, pray you will you goe with vs.

Exit.

Enter Cleon, and Dioniza.

Dion. Why ere you fooliſh, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O *Dioniza*, ſuch a peece of ſlaughter,
The Sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

Dion. I thinke youle turne a childe agen.

Cle.

Cleon. Were I chiefe Lord of all this ſpacious world, Ide giue it to vnd oe the deede. O Ladie much leſſe in blood then vertue, yet a Princes to equall any ſingle Crowne ath earth ith iuſtice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou haſt poyſoned too, if thou hadſt drunke to him tad beene a kindneſſe becomming well thy face, what canſt thou ſay, when noble *Pericles* ſhall demaund his child.

Dion. That ſhee is dead. Nurſes ar not the fates to foſter it, not euer to preſer, ſhe dide at night, Ile ſay ſo, who can croſſe it vnleſſe you play the impious Innocent, and for an honeſt attribute cry out ſhee dyde by foule play.

Cle. O goe too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heauens, the Gods doe like this worſt.

Dion. Be one of thoſe that thinkes the pettie wrens of *Tharſus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do ſhame to thinke of what a noble ſtraine you are, and of how coward a ſpirit.

Cle. To ſuch proceeding who euer but his approbation added, though not his prince conſent, he did not flow from honourable courſes.

Dion. Bee it ſo then, yet none does know but you how ſhee came dead, nor none can knowe *Leonine* being gone. Shee did diſdaine my childe, and ſtoode betweene her and her fortunes: none woulde looke on her, but caſt their gazes on *Marinas* face, whileſt ours was blurted at, and helde a Mowkin not worth the time of day. It pierſt mee thorow, and though you call my courſe vnnatural, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it greets mee as an enterprize of kindneſſe performd to your ſole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what ſhould he ſay, wee wept after her hearſe, and yet we mourne, her monument is almoſt finiſhed, and her epitaphs in glitterind golden characters expres

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a generall prayſe to her, and care in vs, at whoſe expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doeſt with thy Angels face ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. Yere like one that ſuperſticiouſly
Doe ſweare too'th Gods, that Winter killes
The Flies, but yet I know, youle
doe as I aduiſe.

Gower. Thus time we waſte, and long leagues make ſhort,
Saile ſeas in Cockles, haue and wiſh but tort,
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, region to region,
By you being pardoned we commit no crime,
To vſe one language, in each ſeuerall clime.
Where our ſcenes ſeemes to liue,
I doe beſeech you
To learne of me who ſtand with gappes
To teach you.
The ſtages of our ſtorie *Pericles*
Is now againe thwarting the wayward ſeas,
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,
To ſee his daughter all his liues delight.
Old *Helicanus* goes along behind,
Is left to gouerne it, you beare in minde
Old *Eſcenes*, whom *Helicanus* late
Aduanced in time to great and hie eſtate.
Well ſayling ſhips, and bounteous winds
Haue brought
This king to *Tharſus*, thinke this Pilat thought
So with his ſterage, ſhall your thoughes grone
To fetch his daughter home, who firſt is gone
Like moats an ſhadowes, ſee them
Moue a while.
Your cares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile.

¶ *Enter*

¶ *Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his traine, Cleon and Dionyza at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the tombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sack-cloth, and in a mightie passion departs.*

Gower. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle showe,
This borrowed passion stands for true old woe:
And *Pericles* in sorrowe all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showr'd.
Leaue *Tharsus*, and againe imbarks, he sweares
Neuer to wash his face, nor cut his haires:
Hee put on sackcloth and to Sea he beares,
A Tempest which his mortall vessell teares.
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wi:
The Ephitaph is for *Marina* write, by wicked *Dionyza*.

The fairest, sweetest, and best lies heere,
Who withered in her spring of yeere:
She was of Tyrus the Kings daughter,
On whom fowle death hath made this slaughter:
Marina was she call'd, and at her birth,
That is being proud swallowed some part ath earth:
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed.
Hath Thetis birth-child on the heauens bestowed.
Wherefore she does and sweares sheele neuer stint.
Make raging Battrie vpon shores of flint.

No vizor does become blacke villainie,
So well as soft and tender flatterie:
Let *Pericles* beleeue his daughter's dead,
And beare his course to be ordered;
By Ladie *Fortune*, while our stceare must play,
His daughter woe and heauie wel-aday.
In her vnholy seruice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Metaline*.

Exit.

¶ *Enter two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* Did you euer heare the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor neuer shall doe in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1. But to haue diuinitie preach't there, did you euer dreame of such a thing?

2. No, no, come, I am for no more bawdie houses, shall's goe heare the Vestals sing?

1. Ile do any thing now that is vertuous, but I am cut of the road of rutting for euer. *Exit.*

¶ *Enter Bawdes 3.*

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her, shee had neere come heere.

Bawd Fie, fie vpon her, shee's able to freze the god *Priapus* and vndoe a whole generation, we must either get her rauished or be rid of her, when she should doe for Clyents her fitment, and doe mee the kindenesse of our profession, she has me her quirkes, her reasons her maisters reasons her prayers, her knees, that hee would make a *Puritaine* of the diuell, if shee should cheapen a kisse of her.

Boult. Faith I must rauish her, or shee'le disfurnish vs of all our Caualers, and make our swearers Priests.

Pand. Now the poxe vpon her greene sickenesse for me.

Bawd. Faith ther's no way to be ridde on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord *Lysimachus* disguised,

Boult. Wee shoulde haue both Lord and Lowne, if the peeuish baggadge would but giue way to customers.

¶ *Enter Lysimachus.*

Lys. How now, how a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now the Gods to blesse your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to see your Honour in good health.

Lys. You may, so t'is the better for you, that your resorters stand vpon sound legges, how now? wholsome inipuitie haue you, that a man may deale with all, and defie the Surgeon?

Bawd. Wee haue heere one Sir, if shee would, but there

there neuer came her like in *Metaline*.

Li. If shee'd doe the deedes of darknes thou wouldst say,

Bawd. Your Honor knows what t'is to say well enough.

Li. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and bloud Sir, white and red, you shall see a rose, and she were a rose indeed, if she had but.

Li. What prithi?

Boult. O Sir, I can be modest

Li. That dignities the renowne of a Bawde, no lesse then it giues a good report to a number to be chast.

Bawd. Heere comes that which growes to the stalke,
Neuer pluckt yet I can assure you.
Is she not a saire creature?

Li. Faith shee would serue after a long voyage at Sea, Well theres for you, leaue vs.

Bawd. I beseech your Honor giue me leaue a word,
And Ile haue done presently.

Li. I beseech you doe.

Bawd. First, I would haue you note, this is an Honorable man. (him.

Mar. I desire to finde him so, that I may worthilie note

Bawd. Next hees the Gouernor of this countrey, and a man whom I am bound too.

Mar. if he gouerne the countrey you are bound to him indeed, but how honorable he is in that, I knowe not.

Bawd. Pray you without any more virginall fencing, will you vse him kindly? he will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What hee will doe gratiously, I will thankfully receiue.

Li. Ha you don?

Bawd. My Lord shees not pac'ste yet, you must take some paines to worke her to your mannage, come we will leaue his Honor, and her together, goe thy waies.

Li. Now prittie one, how long haue you beene at this trade.

Mar. What trade Sir?

Li. Why

Li. Why, I cannot name but I shall offend. (name it.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, please you to

Li. How long haue you bene of this profession?

Mar Ere since I can remember.

Li Did you goe too't so young, were you a gamester at fiue, or at seauen?

Mar. Earlyer too Sir, if now I be one.

Li Why? the house you dwell in proclaimes you to be a Creature of sale.

Mar Doe you knowe this house to be a place of such resort and will come into o't? I heare say you'r of honourable parts, and are the Gouernour of this place.

Li. Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principall?

Li. Why, your hearbe woman, she that sets seedes and rootes of shame and iniquitie.

O you haue heard something of my power, and so stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee prettie one, my authoritie shall not see thee, or else looke friendly vpon thee, come bring me to some priuate place: Come, come.

Mar. If you were borne to honour, shew it now, if put vpon you, make the iudgement good, that thought you worthie of it.

Li. How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though most vngentle Fortune haue plac't me in this Stie, where since I came, diseases haue beene solde deerer then Phisicke, that the gods would set me free from this vnhalowed place, though they did chaunge me to the meanest byrd that flyes i'th purer ayre.

Li. I did not thinke thou couldst haue spoke so well, nere dremp't, thou could'st, had I brought hither a corrupted minde, thy speech had altered it, holde, heeres golde,

golde for thee, perſeuer in that cleare way thou goeſt and the gods ſtrengthen thee.

Mar. The good Gods preſerue you.

Li. For me be you thoughten, that I came with no ill intent, for to me the very dores and windows ſauor vilely, fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, & I doubt not but thy training hath bene noble, hold, heeres more golde for thee, a curſe vpon him, die he like a theefe that robs thee of thy goone, if thou doeſt heare from me it ſhalbe for thy good.

Boult. I beſeech your Honor one peece for me.

Li. Auaunt thou damned dore-keeper, your houſe but for this virgin that doeth prop it, would ſincke and ouerwhelme you. Away.

Boult. How's this? we muſt take another courſe with you? if your peeuiſh chaſtitie, which is not worth a breakfaſt in the cheapeſt countrey vnder the coape, ſhall vndoe a whole houſhold, let me be gelded like a ſpaniel come your wayes.

Mar. Whither would you haue me?

Boult. I muſt haue your mayden-head taken off, or the cõmon hãgman ſhal execute it, come your way weele haue no more Gentleme driuen away, come your wayes I ſay.

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now, whats the matter?

Boult. Worſe and worſe miſtris, ſhe has heere ſpoken holy words to the Lord *Lyſimachus.*

Bawd. O abhominable.

Boult. He makes our profeſſion as it were to ſtincke afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. *Marie* hang her vp for euer.

Boult. The Nobleman would haue dealt with her like a Noble man, and ſhe ſent him away as colde as a Snowe-ball, ſaying his prayers too.

Bawd. *Boult* take her away, vſe her at thy pleaſure, crack the glaſſe of her virginitie, and make the reſt malliable

Boult. And if she were a thornyer peece of ground then she is, she shall be blowed

Mar. Harke, harke you Gods.

Bawd. She coniures, away with her, would she had neuer come within my doores, Marrie hang you shees borne to vndoe vs, will you not goe the way of women-kinde? Marrie come vp my dish of chastitie with rosemarie and baies

Boult. Come mistris come your way with me.

Mar Whither wilt thou haue me?

Boult. To take from you the Iewell you hold so deere.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemie to be.

Boult. Why I could wish him to be my master, or rather my mistris.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they doe better thee in their command, thou hold st a place for which the painedst feend of hell would not in reputation change: Thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery custerell that comes enquiring for his Tib. To the cholerike fisting of euery rogue, thy eare is lyable, thy foode is such as hath beene belch't on by infected lungs.

Bo. What wold you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you where a mā may serue 7 yeers for the losse, of a leg & haue not money enough in the end to buy him a woodden one?

Mar. Doe any thing but this thou doest, emptie olde receptacles, or common-shores of filth? serue by indenture, to the common hang-man, any of these wayes are yet better then this: for what thou professest a Baboone could he speake, would owne a name too deere that the gods would safely deliuer me from this place: here heers gold for thee, if that thy master would gaine by me proclaime that I can sing, weaue, sow, and dance with other vertues, which Ile keep from boast, & will vndertake all these to teach I doubt not but this populous Cittie will yeelde many schollers.

Boult.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speake of?

Mar. Prooue that I cannot, take mee home againe,
And prostitute me to the basest groome that doeth frequent your house.

Bowlt. Well, I will see what I can doe for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Bowlt. Faith my acquaintance lies little among them, But since my master and mistris hath bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come Ile doe for thee what I can, come your wayes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the brothell scapes, and chaunces
Into an *Honest-house*, our storie sayes:
She sings like one immortall, and shee daunces
As Goddesse-like to her admired layes:
Deepe clearks she dumbs & with her neele composes,
Natures owne shape, of bud bird, branch, or berry.
That even her art sisters the naturall Roses
Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That pupples lackes she none of noble race,
Who powre their bountie on her: and her gaine
She gives the cursed Bawd, here we her place,
And to her Father turne our thoughts a gaine,
Where we left him on the Sea, we there him left,
Where driuen before the winds, he is arriu'de
Here where his daughter dwels, and on this coast,
Suppose him now at *Anchor*: the Cittie strin'de
God *Neptune Annuall* feast to keepe, from whence
Lysimachus our *Tyrian* ship espies,
His banners Sable, trim'd with rich expence,

And to him in his Barge with feruor hyes,
In your ſuppoſing once more put your ſight
Of heare *Pericles* thinke this his Barke:
Where what is done in action, more if might
Shall be diſcouered, pleaſe you ſit and harke. *Exit.*

¶ *Enter Helicanus, to him 2. Sayler.*

1 *Say.* Where is Lord *Helicanus?* he can reſolue you, O here he is ſir, there is a barge put off from *Metalinæ*, and in it is *Lyſimachus* the Gouernour, who craues to come aboord what is your will?

Hell That he haue his, call vp ſome gentlemen.

2 *Say* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

¶ *Enter two or three Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordſhip call?

Hell. Gentlemen, there is come of worth would come abord, I pray greet him fairely.

¶ *Enter Lyſimachus*

1. *Say* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would reſolue you.

Lyſ. Haile reuerent ſir, the God preſerue you.

Hel. And you to out-liue the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Lyſ. You wiſh mee well, being on ſhore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, ſeeing this goodly veſſell ride before vs, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. Firſt, what is your place?

Ly, I am the Gouernour of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir our veſſell is of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three moneths hath not ſpoken to any one, nor taken ſuſtenaunce, but to prorogue his griefe.

Ly. Vpon what ground is this diſtemperature?

Hel. Twould bee too tedious to repeat, but the mayne griefe ſprings frō the loſſe of a beloued daughter, & a wife

Ly. May we not ſee him?

Hell.

Hell, You may, but bootelesse. Is your sight, he will not speake to any yet let me obtaine my wish.

Lys. Behold him, this was a goodly person

Hell. Till the disaster that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Ly. Sir King all haile, the Gods preserue you, haile royall sir,

Hell. It is in Vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir, we haue a maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would win some words of him.

Ly. Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweet harmoni, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defended parts, which now are midway stopt, shee is al hamper as the fairest of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon the leauie shelter that abutts against the Islands side.

Hell. Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing weele omit that beares recoueries name. But since your kindnesse we haue stretcht thus farre, let vs beseech you, that for our golde we may prouision haue, wherei wee are not destitute for want, but wearie for the staleneſſe.

Ly. O sir, a curtesie, which if we should denie, the most iust God for euerie graffe would send a Caterpiller, and so inflict our Prouince: yet once more let me intreate to know at large the cause of your Kings sorrow.

Hell. Sit sir, I will recount it to you, but see I am preuented.

Ly. O heer's the Ladie that I sent for,
We'con e faire one, ist not a goodly present?

Hell Shee's a gallant Ladie,

Ly. Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde
Came of a gentle kinde and noble stocke, I do wish
No better choyse and thinke me rarely to wed,
Faire on all goodnesse that consists in beautie,
Expect euen here, where is a kingly patient,

If that thy prosperouse and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to answere thee in ought
Thy sacred Phisicke shall receiue such pay,
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir I will vse vtermost skill in his recouerie prouided that none but I and my companion maid be suffered to come neere him.

Lys. Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make her prosperouse. *The Song.*

Ly. Marke he your Mesicke?

Mar. No nor lookt on vs.

Lys. See she will speake to him.

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord lend eare.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, that neere before inuited eyes, but haue bene gazed on like a Comet: She speakes my Lord, that may be, hath endured a griefe might equall yours, if both were iustly wayd, though wayward fortune did maligne my state, my deriuation was from auncestors who stoode equiuolent with mightie Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, & to the world, and ankwarde casualties, bound me in seruitude, I will desist, but there is something glowes vpon my cheeke, and whispers in mine eare, go not till he speake.

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage, to equal mine, was it not thus what say you?

Mar. I sed, my Lord, if you did know my parentage you would not doe me violence.

Per. I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes vpon me. your like something that, what Countrey women heare of these shewes?

Mar. No nor of any shewes, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other then I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe and shall deliuer weeping: my dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daugh-

ter

ter might haue beene: My Queenes square browes, her stature to an inch, as wand like-straight, as siluer voyst, her eyes as Ie well-like, and cast as richly, in pace an other *Iuno*. Who starues the eares she feedes, and makes them hungrie, the more she giues them speech, Where doe you liue?

Mar. Where I am but a straunger from the decke, you may discerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchieu'd you these indowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my hystorie, it would seeme like lies disdaind in the reporting.

Per. Prethee speake, falsnesse cannot come from thee for thou lookest modest as iustice, & thou seemest a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in, I wil beleeue thee & make senses credit thy relation, to points that seeme impossible, for thou lookest like one I loued in deede: what were thy friends? didst thou not stay when I did push thee backe, which was when I perceiu'd thee that thou camst from good discening. *Mar.* So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage, I think thou saidst thou hadst beene tost from wrong to iniurie, and that thou thoughts thy griefs might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing I sed, and sed no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy storie, if thine considered proue the thousand part of my enduraunce, thou art a man, and I haue suffred like a girle, yet thou dooest looke like patience, gazing on Kings graues, and smiling extremitie out of act. what were thy friends? howe lost thou thy name, my most kinde Virgin? recount I doe beseech thee, Come sit by me.

Mar. My name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by some insenced God sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience

Mar. Patience good sir: or here Ile cease.

Per. Nay Ile be patient: thou little knowst how thou doest startle me to call thy selfe *Marina*.

Mar. The name was giuen me by one that had some power my father, and a King.

Per. How, a Kings daughter and clad *Marina*?

Mar. You seed you would beleeue me, but not to be a trouble of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and bloud?
Haue you a working pulse, and are no Fairie?
Motion well, speake on, where were you borne?
And wherefore calld *Marina*?

Mar. Calld *Marina*, for I was borne at sea.

Per. At sea, what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a King, who died the minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Lichorida* hath oft deliuered weeping.

Per. O stop there a little, this is the rarest dreame
That ere dulld sleepe did mocke sad fooles with all,
This cannot be my daughter, buried, well, where were you bred? Ile heare you more too'th bottome of your storie, and neuer interrupt you.

Mar. You scorne, beleeue me t'were best I did giue ore

Per. I will beleeue you by the syllable of what you shall deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my father did in *Tharsus* leaue me,
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murther me: and hauing wooed a villaine,
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*,
But good sir whither will you haue me? why do you weep
It may be you thinke me an imposture, no good faith. I am the daughter to king *Pericles*, if good king *Pericles* be

Hee

Hell. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Calls my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Counſeller,
Moſt wiſe in generall, tell me if thou canſt, what this maide
is, or what is like to bee, that thus hath made me weepe?

Hel. I know not, but heres the Regent ſir of *Metaline*,
ſpeakes nobly of her.

Lyſ. She neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demaunded, that ſhe would ſit ſtill and weepe,

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, ſtrike mee honored ſir, giue mee a
gaſh, put me to preſent paine, leaſt this great ſea of ioyes ru-
ſhing vpon me, ore-beare the ſhores of my mortalitie, and
drowne me with their ſweetneſſe: Oh come hither,
Thou that begetſt him that did thee beget,
Thou that waſt borne at ſea, buried at *Tharſus*,
And found at ſea agen, O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holie Gods as loud
As thunder threatens vs, this is *Marina*.
What was thy mothers name? tell me, but
For truth can neuer be confirm'd inough,
Though doubts did euer ſleepe.

Mar. Firſt ſir I pray what is your title?

Per. I am *Pericles of Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the reſt you ſaid,
Thou haſt beene God-like perfit, the heir of kingdomes,
And an other like to *Pericles* thy father.

Mar. is it no more to be your daughter, then to ſay, my
mothers name was *Thaiſa*, *Thaiſa* was my mother, who
did end the minute I began.

Per. Now bleſſing on thee, riſe th'art my child.
Giue me freſh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, ſhee is not
dead at *Tharſus* as ſhee ſhould haue beene by ſauage *Cleon*,
ſhe ſhall tell thee all, when thou ſhalt kneele, and iuſtifie in
knowledge, ſhe is thy very Princes, who is this?

Hel. Sir, tis the gouernour of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholie ſtate, did come to ſee you.

Per. I embrace you, giue me my robes.
I am wilde in my beholding, O heauen bleſſe my girle,
But harke what Muſicke tell, *Helicanus*, my *Marina*,
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he ſeemes to doat,
How ſure you are my daughter, but what muſicke?

Hell. My Lord I heare none,

Per. None the Muſicke for the *Spheres*, liſt my *Marina*.

Lyſ. It is not good to croſſe him, giue him way.

Per. Raſeſt ſounds, do ye not heare.

Lyſ. Muſicke my Lord? I heare.

Per. Moſt heauenly Muſicke.
It nips me vnto liſting, and thicke ſlumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me reſt.

Lyſ. A Pillow for his head, ſo leaue him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but anſwere to my iuſt beliefe, Ile well remember you:

Diana

Dia. My Temple ſtands in *Epheſus*,
Hie thee thither, and do vpon mine Altar ſacrifice, There when my maiden prieſts are met together before the people all, reueale how thou at ſea didſt looſe thy wife, to mourne thy croſſes with thy daughters call, & giue them repetition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou liueſt in woe: doo't, and happie, by my ſiluer bow, awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celeſtiall *Dian* Goddeſſe *Argentine*
I will obey thee *Helicanus*. *Hel.* Sir.

Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike,
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*, but I am for other ſeruice firſt,
Toward *Epheſus* turne our blowne ſayles,
Eftſoones Ile tell thee why, ſhal we refreſh vs ſir vpon your ſhore, and giue you gold for ſuch prouiſion as our intents will neede.

Lyſ. Sir,

Lyſ. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a ſhore, I haue another ſleight.

Per. You ſhall preuaile were it to wooe my daughter, for ſeemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lyſ. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*.

Exeunt

Gawer. Now our ſands are almoſt run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my laſt boone giue mee,
For ſuch kindneſſe muſt relieue mee:
That you aptly will ſuppoſe,
What pageantry, what feates, what ſhewes,
What minſtrelſie, what prettie din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*.
To greet the King, ſo he thriued,
That he is promiſed to be wiued
To faire *Marina*, but in no wiſe,
Till he had done his ſacrifice.
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The *Interim* pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefenes ſayles are filld,
And wiſhes fall out as their wild.
At *Epheſus* the Temple ſee,
Our King and all his companie.
That he can hither come ſo ſoone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iuſt commaund,
I here confeſſe my ſelfe the King of *Tyre*,
Who frighted from my Country did wed at *Pentapolis*, the faire *Thaiſa*, at ſea in childbed died ſhe, but brought forth a Maid child calld *Marina*, whom O Goddeſſe wears yet thy ſiluer liuerey, ſhe at *Tharſus* was nurſt with *Cleon*, who at fourteene yrares he ſought to murther, but her better ſtars

brought her to *Metaline*, gainſt whoſe ſhore riding, her Fortunes brought the mayde aboord vs, where by her owne moſt cleare remembrance, ſhe made knowne her ſelfe my daughter.

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are O royall *Pericles.*

Per. What meanes the mum? ſhee dies, helpe Gentlemen.

Ceri. Noble ſir, if you haue tolde *Dianaes* Alter true, this is your wife?

Per. Reuerend appearer no, I threw her ouer-boord with theſe verie armes.

Ce. Vpon this coaſt, I warrant you.

Pe. Tis moſt certaine.

Ge. Locke to the Ladie, O ſhee's but ouer-ioyde. Early in bluſtring morne this Ladie was throwne vpon this ſhore.

I op't the coffin, found there rich Iewells, recouered her, and plac'ſte her here in *Dianaes* temple.

Per. May we ſee them?

Cer. Great Sir, they ſhalbe brought you to my houſe, whither I inuite you, locke *Thaiſa* is recouered.

Th. O let me locke it hee be none of mine, my ſanctitie will to my ſenſe bende no licencious ca'e, but curbe it ſpight of ſeeing: O my Lord are you not *Pericles?* like him you ſpeake, like him you are, did you not name a tempeſt, a birth, and death?

Pe. The voyce of dead *Thaſia.*

Th. That *Thaſia* am I, ſuppoſed dead and drownd.

Pe. Immortall *Dian.*

Th Now I know you better, when wee with teares parted *Pentapolis*, the King my fa her gaue you ſuch a ring.

Per. This, this. no more, you gods, your preſent kindeneſſe makes my paſt miſeries ſports, you ſhall doe well that on the touching of her lips I may melt, and no more bee

ſeene

seene, O come, be buried a second time within these armes.

Mar. My heart leapes to be gone into my mothers bosome.

Per. Looke who kneeles here, flesh of thy flesh *Thaisa*, thy burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina*, for she was yeelded there.

Th. Blest, and mine owne.

Hell Hayle Madame, and my Queene.

Th. I knowe you not

Per. Hell. You haue heard mee say when I did flie from *Tyre*. I left behind an ancient substitute, can you remember what I call'd the man, I haue nam'de him oft.

Th. T'was *Helicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, imbrace him deere *Thaisa*, this is hee, now doe I long to heare how you were found? how possiblie preserued? and who to thanke (besides the gods) for this great miracle?

Th. Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through whom the Gods haue showne their power, that can from first to last resolue you.

Per. Reuerent Sir, the gods can haue no mortall officer more like a god then you, will you deliuer how this dead Queene reliues?

Cer. I will my Lord beseech you first, goe with mee to my house, where shall be shownе you all was found with her. How shee came plac'ste heere in the Temple, no needfull thing omitted.

Per. Pure *Dian* blesse thee for thy vision, and will offer night oblations to thee *Thaisa*, this Prince, the faire betrothred of your daughter, shall marrie her at *Pentapolis*, and now this ornament makes mee looke dismall, will I clip to forme, and what this fourteene yeeres no razer touch't, to grace thy marriage-day, Ile beautifie.

Th. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit, Sir, my fathers dead.

Per. Heauens make a Starre of him, yet there my Queene, wee'le celebrate their Nuptials, and our selues will in that kingdome spend our following daies, our sonne and daughter shall in *Tyrus* raigne.

Lord *Cerimon* we doe our longing stay,
To heare the rest vntolde, Sir lead's the way.

FINIS.

Gower.

In *Anthiochus* and his daughter you haue heard,
Of monstrous lust, the due and iust reward:
In *Pericles* his Queene, and daughter seene,
Although assail'd with *Fortune* fierce and keene,
Vertue preferd for from fell destructions blast,
Led on by heauen, and crown'd with ioy at last.
In *Hellicanus* may you well descrie;
A figure of truth, of faith and loyaltie:
In reuerent *Cerimon* there well appeares,
The worth that learned charitie aye weares.
For wicked *Cleon*, and his wife, when Fame
Had spred his cursed deed, the honor'd name
Of *Pericles*, to rage the Citie turne,
That him and his they in his Pallace burne:
The gods for murder seem'd to contend,
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So on your Patience euermore attending,
New ioy wait on you, here our play has ending.

FINIS.